The Collegian

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

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TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR

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FRANCIS P. BOLAND - - - ASST. EDITOR

. . EDITORIALS . .

ON THE CORRECT AGE FOR MARRIAGE

Has age anything to do with the success of marriage? Many maintain it undeniably has. Some say no. There are a multitude of arguments pro and con.

Searching about for authority which would give us a definite answer concerning this phase of the matrimonial question, we come to an investigation conducted by two college professors in the city of Philadelphia. These two gentlemen made an exhaustive survey of 500 marriage licenses and 500 cases that came before the Philadelphia Domestic Relations Court, and based their statistics on their findings. In the end they definitely decided that the ideal age for marriage is 29 for the groom, and 24 for the bride. Very well and good. But perusing the "Catholic Citizen" of Milwaukee, we find Father D'Aquila of Mount Carmel Catholic Church, N, J., coming out and declaring in his view of the same identical question that the best age for marrying is 20 for girls, and 22 for youths. And the good Abbe is certainly to be taken seriously, for he has officiated at 6,000 marriages in twenty-four years, which you will agree has given him plenty of opportunity for observation. And thus these two conflicting views leave us as much in the dark as ever. If we were to look further we could probably find many other views on this question by good competent authorities. And who is right? Certainly a hard query to answer.

Perhaps in confusion we had best leave age out altogether, and return to the much hackneyed phrase that "true love is the only basis for marriage." Maybe it was indecision on the ideal age for matrimony which gave the editor of the English magazine "Punch" his misanthropic view of marriage. A youthful inquirer wrote to him at one time and requested advice on getting married. The gentleman replied with just the one cynical word "Don't."

THE WORLD WANTS AMERICAN PRODUCTS

"The Literary Digest" tells us that America is the shopping center of the world. Virtually every American commodity is in demand somewhere in the universe. Actual inquiries were received from no less than thirty-two foreign countries regarding specific American products they desired to purchase. Automobiles, dish-washing machines, gumdrops, rebuilt typewriters, canned foods, sporting goods, shoe-shining equipment, lubricating oils, drug supplies, office equipment, leathers, and cardboard boxes were some of the things mentioned.

Of course this list is only partial, but from its diversity it is quite obvious that almost all of our products are wanted somewhere on the globe. American exports are mounting higher and higher, and the wealthiest nation in the world is getting wealthier. Realization of the rich prize they lost for England when they allowed the Colonies to slip through their fingers must have caused the British statesmen responsible to turn over in their graves, not once, but several times.

A TENSE MOMENT IN NORWAY

News reports tell us that of late the entire nation of Norway was in a ferment over the publication of a book. Contrary to what present-day minds might be led to conjecture, this volume had naught to do with sex, nor any such popular theme. Neither was the author one of Sinclair Lewis' disciples setting forth another journalistic sensation. A mere cook book was the center of all the agitation.

Mrs. Ester Meidell, a Swedish authority, published a book of recipes in which she stated that a family of four could live on $25 a month. The Norwegian housewives answered this assertion with a challenge to come and prove it. Mrs. Meidell, not to be intimidated, came to Oslo, and gave demonstrations which conclusively proved the truth of her statement. As a result Norway was split into two factions: delighted husbands on one side, and maddened housewives on the other.

It goes without saying that Mrs. Meidell would be a popular favorite here in America. The majority of husbands would regard her as a godsend, a Gabriel from the skies. The attendance at her public demonstrations in this country would be a greater spectacle than the crowd at the Tunney-Dempsey fight—if she lived. The housewives here would never be so easy with Mrs. Meidell as were their Norwegian cousins. Some frenzied matron would probably take her life with cold-blooded calculation.

MR. HEARST TURNS PURITAN

The Sunday following the championship boxing match in Chicago, there appeared an editorial in the Hearst papers condemning such "disgusting gladitorial combats" (as they termed them). Upon turning over to the sport section of the same papers, we find at that late date, columns still rehashing the long count of the champion and other versions of the affair, retelling the same story in every possible manner. Also before and after the fight this syndicate sold thousands of papers because of the direct appeal of their contents to those interested in this form of sport. And then the Sunday edition coming calmly out containing condemnation and praise of the same thing—surely this is straddling the fence with a vengeance. If boxing is brutal, or if it is a crime for two men to make millions from a few minutes pummelling of each other, does it seem reasonable to devote pages to news on the subject, and then, when most of the copies are sold, to condemn the sport. Why print anything that will tend to arouse interest in boxing, if it is really immoral? The millions of dollars which were made through the recent contest would never have been realized if it had not been for the widespread publicity given it by the newspapers.

No use in discussing the matter further; it is plainly to be seen that Mr. Hearst and his cohorts have a method in their madness. There will be no more important matches for some time, and meanwhile they can sell themselves to another class of people. The newspaper business is thoroughly disgusting the way they run it.

F. P. B.

A VERY REMARKABLE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

An editorial in the "Pictorial Review" tells us a very interesting and marvelous story of an insane man in the Chicago poor house. This unfortunate individual died, and following his death a will was found in his coat, written on scraps of paper. It was such an unusual piece of work that it was sent to an attorney, who read it before the Chicago Bar Association. So held and astounded were the listeners, that they passed a resolution ordering the will probated. Thereupon it was officially entered in the files of Cook County, Illinois. The will read as follows:

I, Charles Lounsberry, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

That part of my interests which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposition of in this, my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

Item: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of trust and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments; and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the deeds of their children may require.

Item: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely, according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

Item: I devise to boys, jointly, all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim Winter comes, one may skate, to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover-blossoms and butterflies thereof; the woods with their appurtenances; the squirrels and birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places, which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside each night, with all the pictures that may be found in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance or without any encumbrance or care.

Item: To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorne, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

Item: To young men jointly, I devise and bequeath all the boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give them the disdain of weakness, and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them to make lasting friendships and of possessing comrades, and to them exclusively, I give all merry songs and grave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

Item: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory; and bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully, without tithe or diminution.

Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

And what do you think of Charles Lounsberry's last will and testament? Though poor temporally and mentally, was he not richer than many who have good, substantial bank accounts? And his will is assuredly not a thing to be laughed at, for he left each of us a legacy. Read it over carefully and get yours.

MY FRIEND, MR. B.

College left a profound impression upon me. Those four years spent there, were glorious years indeed. Friendships, warm and true, friendships that seemed to last through the years, although it was but a few years since I appeared before the rostrum to receive that coveted parchment betokening me a Bachelor of Arts. Time with its mellowing influence had mitigated the rough spots it now brought to an imagination always vivid, those precious pictures that all men with warm blood pulsating through their veins must experience. It brought back the picture of adolesence, innocent of conservativeness, impetuous to the nth degree, making numerous generalizations, asserting astounding discoveries relevant to literature and life with an air of finality, not untainted of the bragaddoccio. That was youth. That is youth. Hurling an infinite phalanx of epithets and generally scurrilous remarks at professorial persons. The youth that attaches itself to the outcasts with propensities principally iconoclastic. It was in this gushing frame of mind, or in his gushing spirit, that I inveigled B— to expound his views. I say expound, but that is hardly the word to describe B—'s ramblings. B— was a dramatist. His appreciation of the gesture is evidence of that. His well modulated voice is one that many an actor would listen to with envy. I say this because I do not want you to think wrongly of him as a dry-as-dust logican. His temperament was unsuited to the unromantic practice of arid logic.

I had just finished putting these somewhat confused thoughts up to B— and I found him in agreement with them.

"Yes, it is true that the ideal college man is particularly, or should I say exclusively, the type of student who is not afraid to have ideas of his own. My college, like yours, was a small one, and unbelievable as it may seem to you, the faculty encouraged the students to do independent thinking. They deplored crowd thinking, and rightly, I think. By the faculty, I mean those few outstanding personalities found on all college faculties, who are at once teachers and men.

"Unfortunately this is a condition that exists to a larger extent in the smaller college than it does in the larger one."

B—continued. "It is youth, as you say, that attaches itself to the liberal reformers and literateurs of the day. It is indeed a misfortune that those far removed from their own heyday are too often entrusted with the duty of dealing with youth, in those large matters, which are bound to have an effect, either great or small on the plastic nature. Youth itself is sometimes better suited to prescribe a remedy for its ills than those who do. I refer now not to those trifling matters of student activities, which are relatively speaking mere bagatelles.

I could not fail to appreciate the wisdom of B—'s remarks in this vein. Surely college is clotted up with a plethora of woefully inadequate regulations, which, if dispensed with, would work to the advantage of all.

"Were I to found a college," I found B— explaining, "I would obviate all entrance requirements. I would labor to establish very impregnable barriers, making it impossible for the mediocre man to dally long in my institution. He would be found out, offered some good advice, and courteously dismissed. All attractions and distractions which militate against the scholastic efficiency of the college would be made short work of. It would be a very easy thing to be admitted to my Temple of Learning, but an indeed difficult one to remain in it. I would encourage original thought and for the most part I would not be hostile toward the so-called radical student. To me a radical student is a fellow who has advanced a little farther ahead than his fellows. Generally he is not overly interested in the social or athletic side of college. I speak from personal experience of course. I was so categorized myself. For the reason of utter passivity, rather than anything else. However, I am not seeking to justify any recalcritant youthful behavior of my own. Absolute disinterestedness in what the majority of the students interest themselves is beset with numerous disadvantages. Disadvantages that I am well aware of. Nevertheless, my belief is that the advantages far outweigh the disadvantages. The college radical will always be to me a harmless fellow who is doing some thinking on his own account. He might be wrong, and for the most part he generally is, but he is forming the habit of thinking, which you will admit is a laudable one. I would frown upon that ilk which sought the beaten path, chary and afraid to blaze their own trail. The large university is striving mightily and is succeeding passing well in producing the machine-made product.

"Each man has gone through the same rigamarole, performed the same tasks, read the same assignments, et cetera, and on the whole a remarkable sameness has been achieved. So you can see that in giving them all the same degree, there are no unappropriate implications involved."

(In the next issue B— will continue this discussion)

Chinese parents name their offspring One Long Hop after Lindbergh. They'll probably name the next arrival One Long Face after Calvin Coolidge.

Rumor has it that Clara Phillips, the Mallet Murderess, is to be parolled shortly. Hammer that thought home.

DUSTY ITEMS

M. AIKIN

EPITAPHS; RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY

When the Protestant Revolution swept over Europe, spreading dissension everywhere, its turmoil involved not the living alone, but also the dead. The hamlet church-yard early became the scene of iconoclastic orgy, when within the church nothing remained to desecrate. Simple head-stones which begged prayers for the departed—"Orate pro anima," then aroused exceeding fury, and straightway the mallet fell—destroying in an instant a sentiment which Christian men had graven upon their tombs for fifteen centuries!

But for all their wrath, the "reformers" were unable to extirpate man's native yearning for final peace. The unlawful "reguiescat" of Catholic times which prayed rest to the departed soul, gave place to an equally ardent prayer for rest—the rest of a lifeless body. Witness Shakespeare's epitaph,—that harrowing deprecation which implores the repose of his bones:

Good friend, for Jesus sake forbeare
To digge the dust encloased heare;
Bleste be ye man yt spares thes stones,
and curst be he yt moves my bones.

Epitaphs such as this were a distressing result of the Protestant Revolution ,and would utterly have horrified the mediaeval mind, which associated death primarily with judgment, and with the sublime reflexion that "Nothing defiled enters Heaven!"

In pre-Christian civilization, there was good reason to utter imprecations from the tomb against whomsoever would violate its sanctity. The pagan concept of death made the grave the eternal abiding-place of all that was man—both mortal and spiritual. Is there not something desperate—the cry of a life against annihilation in the following pagan epitaph?

I give to the gods below, this tomb to keep; to Pluto, and to Demeter, and Persephone, and the Erinnyes, and all the gods below. If anyone shall disfigure this sepulcher, or shall open it, or remove anything from it, to him let there be no earth to walk, no sea to sail, but may he be rooted out with all his race. May he feel all diseases, shuddering, and fever, and madness, and whatsoever ills exist for beasts and men—may these light on him who dares move aught from this tomb.

With the abrupt cessation of Church Latin in England, and with the constant suppression of "Romanism," a new form of sepulchral inscription appeared. We may call it the literary epitaph (for want of a more fitting name) as in most cases religious appropriateness is lacking. Ben Johnson stands pre-eminent among the writers of these, and his epitaph "On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke, Sister to Sir Philip Sidney," is typical of the time:

Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Wise and virtuous, good as she,
Time will throw his dart at thee.

If we would find the earliest beginning of English literary epitaphs, however, we must seek farther than the dawn of Protestantism. In a church-yard in Oxfordshire, an epitaph which dates from 1370 may be seen. Despite the rude diction, it sets forth a profound moral reflexion not to be found in Post-Reformation epitaphs:

Man com and see how schal all dede be:
wen yow comes bad and bare:
noth hav ven we away fare:
all ys wearines yt ve for care:

For those who are unfamiliar with Old English, we may render this: "Man, come and see how shall all dead be: when you come sinful and bare: nothing having when we go away: all is weariness that we cared for."

Another old epitaph which very quaintly describes the virtue of charity in the Christian life, is from a tomb dated 1419, in the church-yard of Tiverton:

Hoe hoe who lyes here
'Tis the goode erle of Devonsheere
With Kate my wyfe to mee full dere
Wee lyved togeather fyfty-fyve yeare
That wee spent wee had
That wee left we lost
That wee gave wee have.

During the Age of Artificiality, Dryden and Pope (who both were Catholics) were esteemed for their lauditory epitaphs. As with other epitaphs of the age, religious feeling in their work is lacking. Pope was always flippant, as his own epitaph shows, which Warburton placed on the monument he erected to Pope in Twickenham Church. The epitaph is dedicated "To One Who Would Not Be Buried in Westminster Abbey," and reads:

Heroes and Kings! your distance keep:
In peace let one poor Poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd Folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil, too!

Perhaps the best thing that Pope ever wrote in the way of epitaphs are the two oft-quoted lines from his epitaph on John Gay, author of "The Beggars' Opera."

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child.

Garrick's epitaph on Quin, in the Abbey Church at Bath is notable, especially since parts of it are often wrongly attributed to Shakespeare. The great actor occasionally had an astonishing mastery of the Shakespearean flow of words:

The tongue which set the table in a roar,
And charmed the public ear, is heard no more;
Closed are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,

THE PROBLEM OF THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY

A history of philosophy is an analytic survey of the genesis of philosophical thought; it is a thorough investigation of the various systems that have resulted, one from the other, or because of the other, and that may be observed as a connected whole.

This analysis of a mass of facts apparently so heterogeneous, yet so truly linked by cause and effect is of paramount value to the real thinker. Its value is of a four-fold nature. It is a value of insight into the relation of former great minds with their times; it is a value of appreciation of the glimpses of truth furnished in all the systems; it is a value in understanding current thought and it is a value in the appreciation of Scholasticism.

Therefore it would be well for the philosopher not to have a mere almanac of theories, not an awe-inspiring stock of names, not a mere recapitulation of facts, but a vital, connected understanding of each system in its proper place, and that place in the all-encompassing whole.

We must, therefore, approach this subject with a state of mind that is not simply assertive, but rather inquisitional, remembering that philosophic history is no sum in mathematics to be added up, but rather that it unfolds itself factor by factor when once we apprehend its underlying principles. If we search for these principles in the recorded thought alone, we fall miserably short of real comprehension. If we search for the principles by comparison of one age's thought with that of another and with no eye to relativity, we also lose sight of the ideal method. However, if we scrutinize the facts of the history of philosophy in the light of Aristotle's First Principles or Causes, there is no doubt but that we approach nearer to unearthing the roots of the problem.

Considered from the point of view of the Causes of the Schoolmen, the problem will resolve itself into an interrogation of this sort.

"What are the four Causes of a study of the History of Philosophy?" We may emphasize here that we are not in quest of the four causes of the history of philosophy, but rather the causes of a study of the history of philosophy, which, if they be found, will summarize briefly the principles from which a history of this nature must be traced.

To those unfamiliar with the Aristotelian method of analysis, it will be fitting to explain, generally, what is meant by causes. In his Metaphysics, Book 1, Chapter III, Aristotle speaks of them thusly: "Evidently we have to acquire a knowledge of the original causes (for we say we know each thing only when we think we recognize its first cause) and causes are spoken of in four senses. In one of these we mean the substance, i. e., the essence—in another, the matter or substratum, in a third the source of the change, and in a fourth the cause opposed to this, the purpose and the good(for this is the end of all generation and change").

Now with the above definition in mind, let us approach our problem equipped with the Material, the Formal, the Efficient and the Final Cause. For our material cause we have all that has been thought on philosophy; each differing school attempting solutions to Reymond's eight world riddles. For our Formal cause we shall have a synthetic body of rules governing the reaction of man's mind to the questions of philosophy. A concise formula of the manner in which the Efficient cause will always act on the Material cause of this particular question. For our Efficient cause we have a number of active agents as follows: The "Zeit-geist" or Spirit of the Times. The organic structure of the times which comprises educational, scientific and economical institutions, and which stands in a relation to the spirit. Subjectivism, and under this classification of Efficient cause we have the reaction of subjectivism either toward or away from the spirit of the times or toward or away from the body of the times. Under these three general heads may be listed a number of other items that do not differ generically.

And for our Final cause we must realize our Formal cause which has been designated as a synthetic set of rules governing the reaction of the philosophic mind toward the eternal questions, principles which are realized when we remember the Efficient cause enumeratd alon, that is the various factors which will work on the Material cause (various systems) and which working complete a form; this form being the answer to our problem.

Edward Dennis, '29.

Which spake before the tongue what Shakespeare writ.
Cold is that hand which ever was stretched forth,
At friendship's call, to succor modest worth.
Here lies James Quin!—Deign, reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In Nature's happiest mould however cast,
To this complexion thou must come at last!

Many epitaphs which belong to the middle XVIIIth century are redolent of that provincial English Protestantism, which today appears quite ludicrous. One example was copied in a church-yard in Aberdeen, Scotland:

Here lie I, Martin Elmrod
Hae mercy on my soul Lord God,
As would I do were I Lord God,
And ye were Martin Elmrod.

Another, composed in memory of Martha Gwynn—a virtuous sister of the naughty Nelly, runs:

Here lie the bones of Martha Gwynn
Who was so very pure within
She broke the outer shell of sin
And thence was hatched a Cherubin!

The temptation to reprint more of these epitaphs—some of which are absurdly humorous, is very great; but surely humor and vanity belong not to the grave. A simple "Orate" is, after all, vastly more eloquent.

DRAMA

"THE DEVIL'S PLUM TREE"

Ruth Chatterton scored another success recently at the Curran Theatre in San Francisco while acting the chief part in John Colton's play, "The Devil's Plum Tree." Miss Chatterton has played almost yearly in San Francisco, since her first appearance with Henry Miller in "The Rainbow." Her performances on each occasion have met with public approval, as did her acting in "The Devil's Plum Tree." She was without doubt the star of the production and fitted into her difficult characterization with ease and confidence.

Colton's plan is based upon a drama by Milon Megovic, a Czecho-Slovakian playwright. The theme deals with a primitive people of uncontrolled emotions and impulses. The setting of the drama is laid in the Balkan country of the seventeenth century. During the play we are given somewhat impressive pictures of the quaint peasant homes of those days.

The plot, which is by no means flawless, is nevertheless handled rather skillfully. It deals with one Mara (portrayed by Miss Chatterton), a Croatian mountain girl who is a passionate, unrestrained, and wild creature. She, though betrothed to a youthful Greek priest, is deeply in love with a young outlaw. Mara passionately worships this bandit Kristan, in the fullness of her primitive self. But in the end of the ensuing triangle Mara suppresses her ecstatic affection for the impetuous bandit, and becomes the gentle, submissive bride of Josef, the priest.

We may sum up the play as being a struggle on the part of Mara between the spirit and the flesh. The action is intense, especially at the conclusion of the first and last acts, and on the whole the acting was fairly well performed.

The dialogue is very strong at times, but fits in with the type of characters represented, and on this account may be justified. One's interest is kept up through the three acts because of the acting and particularly on account of the dialogue. The general effect of Colton's play is more uplifting and purifying than it is depressing. It presents a problem of life, treats it realistically and with a certain amount of clarity.

L. C.

SAN FRANCISCO OPERA

After several years of rather doubtful financial success, the San Frnacisco Opera Company, under the excellent direction of Gaetano Merola, has come into its own. It is odd that all good things seem to have trouble getting patronage. Every year Merola has brought to San Francisco the finest opera singers from all over the country and has produced most excellent renditions of the greatest operas; yet it is only in the last two years that the public has responded as it should. This year the company is playing to capacity houses with a success that is almost unequaled in San Francisco history.

One of the most enjoyable evenings at the opera was that on which Leoncavallo's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Mascagni's "I Pagliacci" were produced. These two favorites met with deserved commendation for their performance was particularly excellent.

In "Cavalleria Rusticana," Frances Peralta as "Santuzza" met with much favor—she singing and acting very well. Chamlee as "Turiddu" was fine, taking his part with ease and grace and merit. "I Pagliacci," however, was the outstanding success of the evening. The Prologue sung by Amato received much applause and many curtain calls. Martinelli as "Canio" was splendid; it is said that Martinelli is on the decline because of his age. Be that as it may, one could not ask for a better "Canio." Anne Roselle as "Nedda" also performed with distinction. Altogether the two operas left little to be asked for.

W. K.

"TWO GIRLS WANTED"

It seems that modern dramatists have become very careless in writing their pieces, showing little thought in their choice of subject matter, and not much more in their treatment of it. The dominant idea seems to be to write "plays"—anything will do, just as long as there is some semblance of a plot, a goodly quantity of slap-stick comedy, and a happy conclusion, no matter how improbable it may be. There is a large class of people that cater to this type of production, the kind that seek amusing diversion that will not tax their minds. Good drama there is of course, but it is comparatively inconspicuous, for it is the cheaper stuff that attracts the attention of the majority of play-goers.

Recently there was produced at the President Theatre in San Francisco a piece (it is hardly worthy of being called a play, much less a drama) called "2 Girls Wanted," by Gladys Unger. As the title indicates, the production had no particular point—it was merely a story, and a very tiresome one too, put on the stage. Two girls work for rival firms; one firm is trying to buy the other's interests, and as is the case with all honest business deals, is trying to give the other the worst end of it. By means of a maze of circumstances and coincidences, the plot is discovered and justice is done. Of course there is a love affair, in fact. two of them—that is essential also. It can easily be seen that there is nothing to the plot. Humor, if such it may be called, there is in abundance; the audience is made to laugh—that is all that is necessary. Character study and interpretation there is little—the actors frequently even miss their lines, but that is nothing new. Put it all together and you have the average modern play.

Who is at fault? Everyone—the author and producer aim to please the public; the public likes this type of production, so it is given them.

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"THE MAIN STREAM"
By Stuart Sherman
Charles Scribner's Sons, 1927

The late Stuart Sherman was a chronicler of the contemporary literary scene. We have his last publication, "The Main Stream," now at our side. This book consists of a varied number of reviews, which appeared in the "Herald-Tribune's" Literary Supplement. Some of the titles of the various chapters are: "Carl Sandburg's Lincoln," "Thomas Jefferson, An English Interpretation," "Thomas Jefferson, A Revaluation," "Paul Bunyan and the Blue Ox," "Mr. Dreiser in Tragic Realism." There are others, twenty-two in all, each of them dealt with in Stuart Sherman's lately characteristic manner. In his essay on Theodore Dreiser, Sherman relates nothing new when he tells us of the fact that Dreiser's novels are still atrociously written, with the production of "An American Tragedy."

Dreiser never was and probably never shall be punctilious in the matter of rhetoric. Neither has Dreiser ever taken trouble to see if sundry words he uses are in the dictionary. Sherman mentions a number of Dreiser's additions to the English language.

Ten years ago Stuart Sherman essayed to dissect the Dreiser case, and succeeded in achieving a remarkable summary of a then current pathological problem. The problem persists. But the critic has completely metamorphosed. He has this to say about the man whom he lambasted without qualification ten years ago: "I am not at liberty to think that Mr. Dreiser wrote it ("An American Tragedy") to please me. But in more than one way it does please and encourage me. It cheers me especially by demonstrating that a novelist need not stop growing at forty-four and work thenceforward on the formula which he adopted at thirty. Mr. Dreiser is taller and broader than when he wrote 'The Genius.' This new book marks a long stride toward a genuine and adequate realism."

After having labored through one volume of Mr. Dreiser's tome, we can hardly agree with Sherman. Dreiser is still in precisely the same fix. He is still an inadequate biologist endeavoring to write novels.

The other essays in the book are in the main compatible with the rather complete reaction from the staunch viewpoints of a decade ago.

LEANINGS

Discriminating readers will be interested to know that "Houghton Mifflin Company has just published a cheaper edition of "The Education of Henry Adams." The word "cheap" can not be applied to the binding and paper of which the autobiography is made, as both are of high quality. This new edition sells for two-fifty, the price formerly was six-fifty. "The Education of Henry Adams" is in more ways than one a book of exceptional merit. Henry Adams enjoyed a peculiar point of vantage in the troublous times in which he lived, and his keen vision always went beneath the surface. Adams in "Mont-Saint Michel and Chartres" saw the adequateness and entirely of medieval civilization. This was intended to be a study of thirteenth century unity, while The Education was to consider twentieth century multiplicity. Adam's hostility toward contemporary civilization formulated his dictum "Order is the dream of man; chaos is the law of nature."

Commercialism is a word badly bandied about nowadays, so much so that its quondam significance has suffered in an appreciable degree. Cognizant of this, it is with a certain amount of trepidation that we deign to utter divers slightly muffled innuendos with regard to contemporary letters. At that we advise the reader to consider this pother with a modicum of the muchly advised salt or "cum grano salis" as the Latins have it. To avoid your immediate and justly applied-imputation of flippancy, we shall expeditely delve into the lugubrious portion of these disseminations.

Bruce Barton or some other of the journelese, long ago innovated something new to whet the appetites of those who demand novelty, in the form of the popularization of historical characters. This idea begot numerous progeny, many freaks included.

E. Barrington took it up avidly and in a short period produced "The Divine Lady," "Glorious Apollo" and a host of others.

"Glorious Apollo" deals with Lord Byron and in the preface the author claims that she has used reliable sources, and insofar as possible, adhered close to the path of history and fact. Her latest opus, "The Thunderer," considers the life of Napoleon, centering about his love affair with Josephine, and the advertisement of the book has it "That But For Napoleon's Love Affair With Josephine, Napoleon Might Never Have Been Napoleon." Such advertising goes a long way to explain the content of the book. Miss Barrington's sentimental and often mawkish prose must have a very wide appeal as she utilizes three names for her numerous works. They are E. Barrington, Louis Moresby and L. Adams Beck.

John Erskine's fame has already spread far and wide with his "Helen of Troy," "Galahad" and his "Adam and Eve." Biographies have also been affected by the spirit of the times, and W. E. Woodward forsook the novel as did Rupert Hughes for the more profitable enterprise, if you will, of revealing the skeleton in the closet of George Washington.

The name of Woodward's book is "George Washington; The Image and the Man." Without reading the book, the obvious inference of the title is that the ideal Washington which patriotic and zealous historians have created, is an image and not a man. Mr. Woodward reveals the man, possessed of a love affair and a temper that more than once threatened the connubial felicity of the Washington household.

The obvious conclusion is that if one would be a man one must go out in search of an affinity.

There are others which in the words of the popular ditty are "too many to mention." At the outset we mentioned commercialism because we believe that the conditions which exist in contemporary letters, are in no degree influenced by the large returns which greet the successful writer, be he novelist or a writer of non-fiction. After all the financial consideration should not be ignored by any author.

But the problem to be decided is to what extent has current literature been affected by commercialism. Has the influence been so great as to make the production of literature with a large "L" impossible? We are on the fence now, neither over skeptical or too optimistic, and all that remains to be said is to mention that we entertain a hope that the future will produce some definite conclusions.

STAFF
DEPARTMENTS

W. W. KELLER, '28 - - - - - Drama
L. COMTE, '28 - - - - - - Drama
N. SULLIVAN, '28 - - - - - - Sports
E. HINES, '29 - - - - - - - Sports
A. DEMARTINI, '28 - - - - - Books
H. BERTAIN, '29 - - - - - Alumni

NEWS

J. FITZGERALD, '30 G. DELEW, '28
J. T. DAVIS, '31 W. PAGE, '28
H. BURT, '28 M. CLONEY, '28
D. O'BRIEN, '29 T. CLEARY, '28
N. NUGENT, '29

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PALO ALTO GRID CLASSIC HARD FOUGHT

Sweeping to a decisive victory that even the most staunch Saint Mary's rooter dared not to predict, the powerful, hard fighting, hard tackling, Red and Blue Varsity trounced the Coast champions, the Stanford Cardinals, to the tune of 16 to 0.

Led by Captain Larry Bettencourt and Ike Frankain, the Varsity gave the greatest exhibition of defensive football that has ever been witnessed around these parts. The boys were ball hawks at all times. When a Cardinal fumbled there was always a Saint right there to pick it up. When Stanford passed, there was a Saint backfield man ready to intercept it, and then, when Stanford pushed down to the Saint Mary's goal line, to inches from it, and in eight attempts could not score, in fact could not gain an inch, shows the way Bettencourt, Illia and Mulcahy, Tobin and Hicks, Scarlett and Frankain, were fighting, and the way Kasperowicz and O'Gorman were backing up that line.

Kasperowicz, O'Gorman and Merrick gave every ounce of their strength, and when compelled to leave the game because of injuries, Bogan, Dick Scarlett and Pitchford took up where they left off, and Stanford was beaten, and trounced too. Simas ran the team like a veteran, he was cool, and used every good judgment in the plays he called; his kicking was good, and he played a fine defensive game. All in all, the whole team fought hard, and fought clean; they made their own breaks and took advantage of them.

The rooting section backed the team to a man, and when things looked rather dark, they yelled and yelled, and not once did they let down.

B. S. S. Society Members Convene

The second meeting of the Blessed Sacrament Society was called by Brother Vantasian to elect officers for the coming year. Victor Breslin, a member of the society for several years, was elected president. To aid him in directing the members he has Phil Murphy as vice president, and Larry Bettencourt as secretary.

The purpose of the organization is to develop devotion toward Our Lord in the Tabernacle. Each member is to make at least two visits to the Chapel each day, and receive Holy Communion twice a month.

President Breslin has outlined a new program and promises to make the meetings interesting. Hicks and Illia were assigned to prepare talks for the next meeting.

STRADER TO PLAY WITH CHICAGO BULLS

Norman "Red" Strader, former Saint Captain and All-American fullback, is again going to play football for the Chicago Bulls. Last year Red was very popular with the fans of the East, displaying the same spirit in professional contests as he did in college.

Mervin "Pat" O'Rourke, former varsity end and captain, who was unable to return to school because of sickness, writes that he is again well. He hopes to be in the stands rooting when the Varsity meets the California Bears.

Brother Agnon Most Photographed Man

Have you ever noticed the number of pictures around the building in which the face and figure of Brother Agnon is portrayed? A count reveals thirty-eight, including those pictures in all the halls, offices and such out of the way places as the pie-stand. Brother Agnon may be seen as he was in the days of the young Phoenix, or with a group of former or present-day Major League baseball stars grouped about him, and there also exists pictures of him umpiring the last Alumni-day game. He easily deserves to be called the most photographed man at Saint Mary's.

INITIATION HELD BY LETTER SOCIETY

The Big "M" initiation of the new letter men from last year's basketball and baseball teams was held on Monday evening, September 19th. The candidates initiated were Henry Driscoll, Gerald Linares, Joseph Rooney, and Victor Breslin, all of the Junior Class, and Raymond Arata, of the Senior Class. The initiation itself was executed in a faultless manner, being as usual one which could not fail to impress the candidates with the honor accorded them by being received into the folds of one of St. Mary's oldest and most respected societies.

Following the main business of the evening, the initiation proper, the entire body adjourned to the dining room, where a light supper was served. During the course of the supper the society was favored with speeches from President Hicks and the five candidates. Brother Agnon was the honored guest of the athletes, and he also, which was the feature of the evening next to the initiation itself, favored the gathering with one of his ever popular after dinner speeches. Following this appetizer, the meeting adjourned.

Journalists Get Chance With New Course

The Drama Course is not the only innovation on the St. Mary's curriculum, Mr. LeFevre's class in journalism is a decidedly new thing around here also. Thus far things have been proceeding along very well with the embyro reporters, and a great deal of promise has been exhibited by the students taking the course.

With this means at hand, Mr. LeFevre is determined to develop ability along newspaper lines which will enable him to place the college publicity in a top-notch position along the Pacific Coast. Prominent among his students are Harold Lehman, former reporter for the Oakland Post Enquirer, and Dick Seale, a new man who has shown a world of stuff in the journalistic line.

EX-EDITOR ON MONITOR STAFF

Richard "Dick" Maher of the class of '27 is at present holding the position of City Editor on the editorial staff of the Monitor. We all recall "Dick's" ability with the pen, and his aptness in writing editorials for "The Collegion" last year. His friends at the college are proud of his early accomplishments, and wish him further success in so important a work.

ALUMNI HOLDS MEETING IN S. F. ELECTS OFFICERS

W. J. FITZGERALD NEW PRESIDENT

That the Saint Mary's Alumni is whole-heartedly behind their Alma Mater was shown Tuesday, September 13, in their meeting at the Y. M. I. Hall, in San Francisco. The gathering numbered some one hundred members, and the fine spirit displayed proved that their enthusiasm for Saint Mary's has not been dimmed in the least since their graduation.

The gathering had another purpose besides that of reunion. Election of officers for the coming year was held and the following men were selected: William J. Fitzgerald, '05, of San Francisco, president; Thomas J. Horan, '13, of Vallejo, vice president; Thomas J. Kelley, '24, of Oakland, recording secretary; John F. Hassler, '04, of Oakland, treasurer; and Right Reverend Monsignor M. D. Connolly, '78, of San Francisco, Chaplain.

On the board of directors were elected Frank Rogers, '79; Harry Day, '85; Dr. Charles Maguire, '90; Joseph McAuliffe, '90; T. Anselm Duffy, '97; William H. Egan, '92; Joseph Taafe, '96; Harry Hooper, '07; Joseph M. Smith, '10; Sylvester N. Andriano, '11; William Lowery, '11; Clifford Russell, '11; David H. Wynne, '25, and Raymond Keegan, '27.

Charles Wesley Davis, '28, president of the Senior Class, speaking in behalf of all the students, made a fine speech concerning the relation of the students at Saint Mary's today to the Alumni.

Ed. Massa To Help In Yells

On Friday, September 23d, at a spirited yell meeting, Ed. Massa of the Junior Class was chosen Assistant Yell Leader for the coming year. The students were unanimous in their selection.

Following his election, and to prove that there was no mistake made in his being chosen, Massa put on a display of form and pep at the Army and Card games which would do any yell leader justice. Mr. Massa has ability.

Fourth Year Men Hand In Thesis Subjects

Friday, September 23d, was the final day for the acceptance of the thesis for the members of the Senior Class. According to information every man had his in early, and are off to a flying start.

As has previously been the case, each man must have an advisor, which later is determined by the nature of the subject chosen by the student. For historical subjects Mr. LeFevre is advisor, Brother Leo for subjects pertaining to literature, Mr. Silvermaster for economic subjects, and Mr. Hagerty for those relating to philosophy. Now that the preliminaries are ended, the pursuit of original sources will begin.

SCHOLASTICS NOW UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

Brother James and Brother Julian of the class of '26 are doing graduate work at the University of California. During last year the Brothers were teaching in the High School department at Berkeley, Brother James holding the position of principal. Both Scholastics report great progress.

GAEL-BEARS TO STAGE ANNUAL GAME SATURDAY

OUTCOME TO DECIDE COAST CHAMPIONSHIP

For perhaps the first time in the history of Saint Mary's College, the Galloping Gael Varsity will enter the California game a favorite to defeat the Bears. Fresh from their triumph over Stanford, somewhat battered and bruised, the boys realize they have a tough fight on their hands with Nibs Price and his charges. California has been bothered by numerous injuries since the season opened, but from all reports the cripples will for the most part be in good shape for the game with Saint Mary's.

From what the Varsity showed in the Stanford game, the line is superior to California's line, both in experience and ability. Price has a wealth of material in his backfield, but nevertheless the Saint backfield should be given the edge, due to the experience received in the Stanford tussle.

Nothing much can be said regarding this game other than the fact that Saint Mary's seems to hold the upper hand in all departments of the game and should be returned the victors at the final gun.

Nevertheless, the Bears are out to avenge their defeat of last season, and are going to expend their last ounce of football energy to win. Saint Mary's will have to fight just as hard as they did against the Cards last Saturday, and any over-confidence on their part had best be banished, as it might result in fatal defeat.

Old Friends Meet Again At S. M.

Saint Mary's has brought together two friends who had almost lost hope of ever seeing each other again. Four years ago Antonio Alejandrino and Edward Del Rosario left the Philippine Islands together, and on arriving at San Francisco were forced to separate, Al completing his high school course at Sacred Heart College, and Ed going to work. With the opening of college last year, much to their surprise, the two found themselves in the same class, intent on obtaining degrees, and then studying law, after which to return home and practice.

At present Antonio and Edward are working their way through school in the office of Doctor Carry. If determination means anything, the two men will go far towards making the reputation of Saint Mary's world wide.

Banquet Honors Brothers Today

To honor the zealous efforts of Brother Joseph and Brother Gregory in the College Campaign, a banquet is to be held at the Palace Hotel today by members of the Alumni. Edward J. Barry, '07, is chairman. The tickets have been much in demand, and a large gathering is assured.

WYNNE CHOSEN ALUMNI DIRECTOR

David Wynne, '25, former Student Body President of Saint Mary's, was elected a director of the Alumni Association. "Dave" is associated with the Bond house of Goodwin and Tucker of San Francisco at present.

GAELS IN EASY WIN OVER ARMY

FREQUENT FUMBLES MAR CONTEST

In its first game of the season the St. Mary's Varsity footballers trampled the Army eleven under foot to the tune of 21 to 0. The Saint backs found ready and gaping holes in the soldier line, while the Gael forward wall easily withstood all attacks by the Army men

The so-called inexperienced backfield of the Saints functioned very well for the first game when they held onto the ball. There was too much fumbling on both sides to make the contest interesting. One commendable feature was the getting down under the punts by the Irish ends, Frankain and Scarlett, who invariably stopped the safety man in his tracks. Scarlett also scored a safety by knocking an Army forward pass over the Army goal line, a most unusual manner of scoring two points, and one which probably has never been done around these parts before. The punting of Simas was also a revelation, which took all worry off the Saint supporters' chests as to who was going to do the kicking for the Oakland eleven this year.

Brother Cornelius Opens Art Course

The History and Appreciation of Art, another new course offered to the Upper Division men. Brother Cornelius, who was formerly art instructor at the College, promises to make the course interesting as well as educational. He has a large collection of copies of famous paintings and some three hundred slides to exhibit.

FREITAS TO WED

The engagement of Ed. Freitas ex. '28, to Miss Frances Tassi of Petaluma, came as a surprise to his friends at the College. On a recent visit to the College, Ed. assured his friends that the marriage would not take place until he had completed his studies at Notre Dame, where he is to finish in '28.

SAINT PILOT

Captain Bettencourt proved that he is an All-American beyond a doubt by his wonderful game against the Cards Saturday. He was downed for a long count in the third quarter, but like the champion footballer that he is, he staged a Gene Tunney and came back better than ever. Larry says that his team is going to take the Bears into camp Saturday.

Stolich Organizes Betting Ring

"Baron" Stolich is again in the public eye. Once again is he conducting a pool on the football games. Stolich, being a Senior in the School of Commerce, has uncanny ability in successfully organizing enterprises of this sort. An irresistible personality, coupled with a faultless flow of sales chatter, puts the "Baron" at the top of the ladder as far as investments such as his are concerned. Stolich would be an invaluable addition to the staff of the Building Fund campaigners.

BIGGS NOW BANKER

Marion Biggs of the class of '27 has a position with the Hibernia Bank. Marion is still the property of the St. Louis Cards, and the job in the bank is only a temporary position to tide him over until the training season begins. Biggs will be remembered as a good man, and a strength to the Phoenix for the four years he spent here as a student.

Harmony Reigns In A. P. G. U. Room

The strains of everything from "Melody in F" to the "Twelfth Street Rag" have been pouring out of the A. P. G. U. room since a piano has been acquired. There seems to be no end of pianists among the A. P. G. U. men, and most any time you can hear some of them exercising the keys. Between that and Professor Fuery's music room, we are constantly reminded of the charms of harmony.

Sig Lien Now Drama Tyrant

Sig Lien has been appointed as the official score keeper for Brother Leo's Drama Class. After much deliberation upon the part of Brother Leo, Sig was given the job, and now woe unto him who absents himself from drama, as Lien keeps the roll with an eagle eye and has even been admonished to use physical force to bring in the loiterers.

College Bandsmen Feature Game

Among other things which featured the game at Palo Alto last Saturday, was the initial appearance of the College Band in their new white uniforms. They created quite a pleasing effect,, their program being without reproach and the rendition faultless. All in all, this being the first public appearance of the Band, the members are to be complimented for their fine showing. Professor Fuery also deserves credit for the work he has done, for it was only his instruction that made the Band possible.

FROSH WIN THEIR FIRST TWO STARTS

BEAT SAN MATEO AND ARMY TEAMS

The Freshman team this year has gotten off to a good start. The boys took the strong San Mateo Junior College eleven down the line last Saturday, defeating them 19 to 6. Sunday the Frosh tangled with the 250th Coast Artillery, and came out on the long end of a 19 to 0 score. The boys all look very good, and with a few more games under their belts, they will be strong contenders for honors among the other Freshman teams of the Coast.

Peebles, at center, Ponti and O'Leary, and Murphy at tackles, Millecevich and Patterson, ends, Herrin and Kent guards, Boyle, Stinnott, Noonan, Barrett, and many others are all promising.

Next Saturday the Frosh play the California Frosh in the preliminary game to the Varsity game, and from all advance notices look good to win.

T. K. L.'s Start Ball Rolling

The T. K. L. Society of the College is in action again. A recent meeting was the beginning of their activities for the year. President Connolly called the meeting to receive new members and to instill in them the spirit and fight of Saint Mary's. Prominent among the business of the organization was the planning of a barbecue to be held at one of the member's country homes. Looks like the T. K. L.'s are in for an appetizing year at least.

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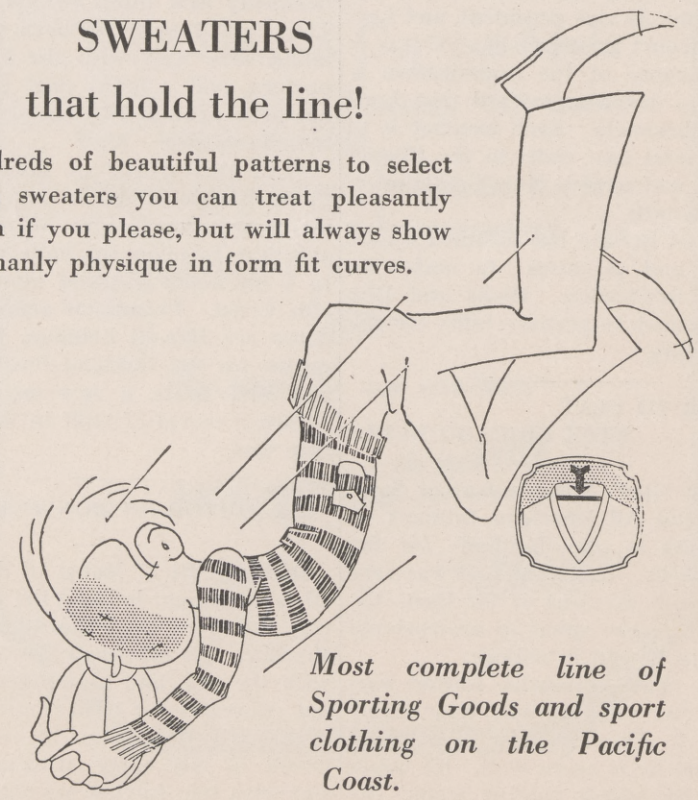

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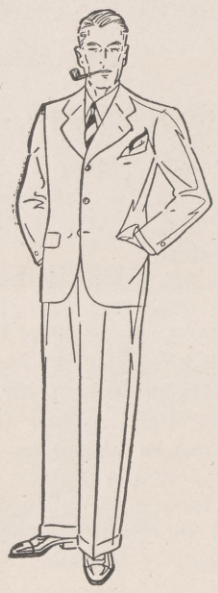

John Powers A MAN'S SHOP CLOTHIER

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FRED P. MULDOON, '28
Representative

Dennis Receives Annual Post

Edward Dennis of the Junior Class was chosen editor of "The Collegian Annual" for this year. Besides being an artist of no mean ability, Ed is also able to wield a very effective pen. Frank Mulcahy is the Business Manager. With these two men at the helm, we look for a bigger and better Annual this year.

Junior Man Is Y. M. I. Officer

Frank Lynch of the Junior Class is a prominent individual in more circles than one. As well as being an active member of his class here at the College, Lynch is also vice president of the Mission Council of the Young Men's Institute in San Francisco. And to cap it all, he is in addition to this, Publicity Agent for the Council. Mr. Lynch is going ahead with a zip.

German Clubmen Get Together

On September 26th the German section of the Charlemagne Club held an informal meeting to discuss general business for the coming year. Professor Woerner spoke and gave his opinions as to the best methods of improving the members with the knowledge of the German language, and promised some German records for the next meeting. Paul Meyer also gave an impromptu talk.

New Programs For Grid Games

The "Kickoff," a program for the Saint Mary's football games is being published by the Publicity Department of the College. This is quite a welcome innovation to the grid contests of the College. The "Kickoff" gives interesting data concerning the Gael football team for the fan, and also is a souvenir of each and every game.

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Dancing for non-diners, nine to one. Cover charge 75 cents each.

Spanish Club Holds "Junta"

On Monday evening, September 26th, students of the Department of Spanish held the first meeting of their newly formed Club. Elections and more formal matters were delayed until the next reunion, which will occur three weeks from the last, and an impromptu program was rendered—including talks in Spanish, songs, and an exhibition of several typical objects from Mexico. The Club, after the next gathering, will hold regular bimonthly meetings which will aim to foster interest in things Spanish, and especially in the life and manners of Spanish-speaking countries.

Sophs Have New Golf Star In Bill

The list of Saint Mary's divot diggers did not include the champion of the Sophomore class. Numerous protests have been made and the result is that Harry Bill is now the official representative of the Second Year men in all coming contests. When quizzed about the ancient pastime, his answers showed such an uncanny precision and thorough knowledge of the sport that his friends have strongly recommended his composition of a book on the subject. Harry is devoting himself to intensive practice in preparation for future tournaments.

Starting out the year with a bang, Notre Dame walloped out a 28 to 7 victory over Coe College Saturday. Though composed mostly of green men, Knute Rockne's team showed a fast running attack, which swept the Coe-ites off their feet. A few more games and the Alma Mater of the Four Horsemen will have a perfectly functioning eleven. U. S. C. has an eagle eye on Notre Dame as they meet their conquerors of last year in Chicago November 26th.

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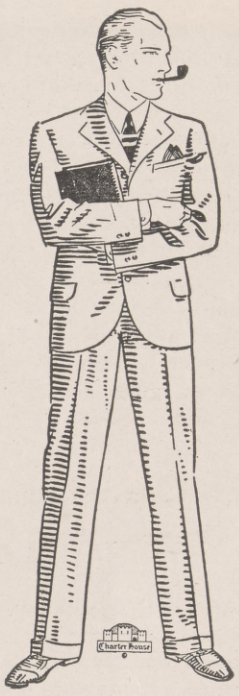
Econ Men Hold Confab

The new Economic Association which Robert Page of the Senior Class was instrumental in forming, held its first regular meeting on Wednesday evening, September 21st. Mr. Silvermaster, head of the Economic department of the college, was the main speaker of the evening. If the present enthusiasm is maintained, this society will rank high among the college clubs.

"BRINGING FIFTH AVENUE TO SATHER GATE"



SPIRIT

The spirit at St. Mary's this football season is calling forth the comment of the Bay newspapers.

In a quieter way, St. Mary's men will find their enthusiasm reflected at this Shop—two members of our staff are St. Mary's men: George Good, '27, and Jack Scarlett, '28.

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GRID GOSSIP

The Saint Mary's line is just about impregnable this year. Giants like Bettencourt, Hicks, Illia, and Tobin form a Gibraltar of strength.

The backfield, composed of Merrick, Simas, O'Gorman and Kasper showed up well. They lack a little in experience, but a few more games will find them working together better. Bogan is also a lad who shows promise.

McIntyre got into the Army game and showed up mighty well for the few times he carried the ball. "Mac" will get his letter this year without a doubt.

Frankain and Scarlett at the wings are on a par with any ends in the country. They cover punts well, and do more than their share in mussing up any plays that come their direction.

Boyle and Ebding continue to be outstanding stars on the Frosh eleven. Barret and Stennet and Noonan also are good backfield men.

Ponti, tackle, scored the first touchdown of the year for the Frosh team. This was at San Mateo. Milisvich is also another good yearling linesman.

The Stanford Sophomore backfield, so talked about, deserves no more praise than do the Soph backfield of the Saints. Simas, Dick Scarlett, Bogan, and Pitchford left nothing to be desired in the way they handled themselves at Palo Alto Saturday.

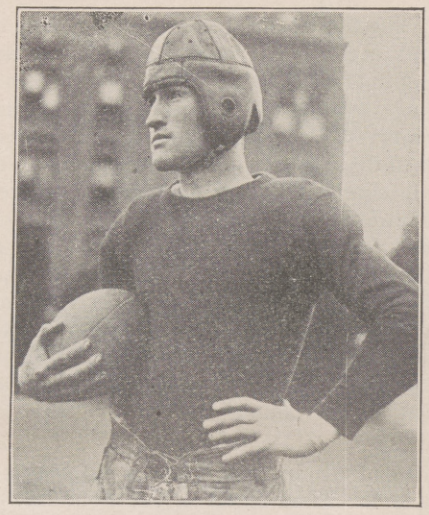
And concerning Simas, he deserves special praise. This being his first year on the Varsity, he played like a veteran. His generalship was faultless, and his kicking averaged 35 yards. 'At a boy, Butch.

Homer Hicks gave the fans an enlightening display of open field running down at Stanford. The rooters were stunned when they saw "Hack" beat Hyland at his own game, and dodge his way across the last chalk mark with the oblate spheroid tucked under his broad arm like an egg under the pinion of a roc.

Varsity Well Supplied With Second Year Men

The statisticians are at work again. The Sophomores come to the front with figures proving that there are at least two second year men out for every position on the Varsity. Their candidates form two complete teams that would not be unfit to represent any college. With such a showing, Coach Madigan need not worry about fresh material for his All-American Teams.

"OXY" STARS



Jack Merrick was one of the outstanding backfield men on the field in the game against Warner's men. He backed up the line well, and carried the ball perfectly. Merrick is a product of Oakland High, and formerly held the 440 record of the city. Jack affirms that he has a few tricks in the bag which he is saving for Saturday and future games.

Five Saints on Casualty List

An entire quintet of the victorious Saints were injured in the gruelling struggle with the Redskins. Three were backfield men, and the remaining two linesmen.

John O'Gorman is suffering from a loss of some of his ivories and a hurt eye. "Toots" Kasper has torn shoulder ligaments. Merrick has a badly bruised leg. The linesmen who suffered were Bettencourt and Illia. "Betsy" suffered an injured groin, while Illia had his head nastily gashed. Of the five O'Gorman and Kasperowicz will not be ready for the game against Price's eleven Saturday.

Just to show what spirit these boys possess, O'Gorman played after his mouth was hurt, and only retired, and then reluctantly, when his eye was injured. Kasper and Merrick continued to play after they received their hurts, and had to be almost dragged from their field when they did go. Bettencourt and Illia played the game out despite their injuries. This is the stuff winners are made of. A fighting coach and a fighting team.

HUMOR

ANOTHER MOST EMBARASSING MOMENT

They met in the street car. "Why, good evening, Miss Illusion."

"Why, Harold, is it really you?"

"Yes; I've been waiting to call, but—"

"We've moved into a new house, you know."

"So have we."

"I was thinking of you the other day. Do you still play the violin?"

"Yes; I am practicing hard just now."

"You must come to see me and bring your violin. There is a young man next door to me, who scrapes and saws at a violin until it sets my teeth on edge, and I just have to sing to drown out the noise."

"How annoying! I am learning 'The Merry Widow' just now."

"Just what the young man keeps murdering night after night. Do come and play it to me. He would never try it again, I'm sure, once he heard you."

"Thanks, I will, and you must sing for me. I wish you could hear the girl next door to us—her voice is like a screech-owl's!"

"Really? People like that ought to be restrained by law. I am learning 'In a Spanish Town' at present. This is my street.

"And mine, too. We must be neighbors."

"Why, yes. This is where I live. Number 13."

"Good gracious! Why I live next door."

"Is it possible that you—."

"You don't mean to say that—."

"Good afternoon, sir."

"Good afternoon, miss."

And that was that.

Book—"If the college suddenly burst into flames, what three authors would you think of?" ....

Worm—"Sparks, Browning, Swift."

Book—"Nope. Great Scott, Howitt, Burns."

DOINGS OF A DYSPEPTIC STUDENT

Waked late, natheless to say, and missed a class, which doth perturb me greatly on account of the bothersome ten per cent rule. On the way to school did think mightily to formulate an excuse, but without avail, so sat listless in Milord Duke Le Fevre's class until he doth discourse on printing as the devil's magic. When I refuteth him vociferously, he, mighty wroth, did call for silence. And so left hastily ere he twit me further on the matter. Whereupon I betaketh myself to Philosophy and sitteth, ruminating for perhaps an hour, being much relieved when the bell tolleth. Observed football practice in the latter part of the day, and it was indeed a brave sight to see our gallant sparks charge about. Methinks the team is in great shape, at which by heart was glad. And so home to study and bed.

Warner—"Gee! Slip's sore today. I wonder what's the matter?"

Price—"My gosh! Is he Madigan?"

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